Watch 1 And that Counte Claudio did meane vppon his wordes, to disgrace Hero before the whole assemblie, and not marrie her.

Kemp O villaine! thou wilt be condemnd into euerlasting redemption for this.

Sexton VVhat else? *Watch* This is all.

Sexton And this is more masters then you can deny, prince Iohn is this morning secretlie stolne awaie : Hero was in this manner accusde, in this verie manner refusde, and vppon the griefe of this, sodainlie died : Maister Constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonatoes, I will goe before and shew him their examination.

Constable Come, let them be opiniond.

Couley Let them be in the hands of Coxcombe.

Kemp Gods my life, wheres the Sexton? let him write down the Princes officer Coxcombe: come, bind them, thou naughty varlet.

Couley Away, you are an asse, you are an asse.

Kemp Doost thou not suspect my place ? doost thou not suspect my yeeres? O that he were here to write me downe an asse! but maisters, remember that I am an asse, though it bee not written downe, yet forget not that I am an asse : No thou villaine, thou art full of pietie as shal be prou'de vpon thee by good witnes, I am a wise fellow, and which is more, an officer, and which is more, a housholder, and which is more, as pretty a peece of flesh as anie is in Messina, and one that knowes the Law, goe to, and a rich fellow enough, go to, and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gownes, and euery thing handsome about him : bring him away: O that I had bin writ downe an asse! *exit.*

Enter Leonato and his brother.

Brother If you go on thus, you will kill your selfe,
And tis not wisedome thus to second griefe,
Against your selfe.

Leonato I pray thee cease thy counsaile,
Which falles into mine eares as profitlesse,
As water in a syue: giue not me counsaile,

Nor

abou

Nor let no comforter deli
But such a one whose wro
Bring me a father that so
Whose ioy of her is ouer-
And bid him speake of p
Measure his woe the leng
And let it answer euery st
As thus for thus, and such
In euery lineament, brand
If such a one will smile an
And sorrow, wagge, crie
Patch griefe with prouer
With candle-wasters: bri
And I of him will gather
But there is no such man,
Can counsaile, and speak
Which they themselues n
Their counsaile turnes to
Would giue preceptiall m
Fetter strong madnesse in
Charme ach with ayre, an
No, no, tis all mens office,
To those that wring vnde
But no mans vertue nor s
To be so morall, when h
The like himselfe: therefo
My griefes crie lowder th

Brother Therein do m

Leonato I pray thee pe
For there was neuer yet P
That could endure the to
How euer they haue writ
And made a push at chan

Brother Yet bend no

Make those that do offend

Leonato There thou s
My soule doth tell me, H